

# NATIONAL COMICS



10¢

NOVEMBER  
No. 37



SIDE BY SIDE!  
**UNCLE  
SAM**  
and  
*The Vagabond*  
in a stirring  
Tale of the  
"MEN WHO FIGHT  
FOR FREEDOM!"





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### HOW THE 2-LINE FLASH IDENTIFICATION WORKS

Aeronautics Photo



Long-Nosed Fuselage Suspended on Wings.  
Twin Tail Booms, Rounded Tail Plane.

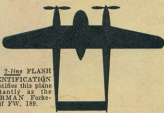


The 2-line FLASH IDENTIFICATION identifies this plane instantly as the AMERICAN Lockheed P-38 Lightning.

Alptra, Toronto



Short-Nosed Fuselage Suspended on Wings.  
Twin Tail Booms, Rectangular Tail Plane.



The 2-line FLASH IDENTIFICATION identifies this plane instantly as the GERMAN Focke-Wulf Fw 190.

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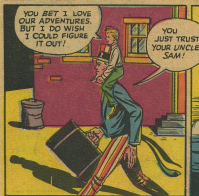
**The VAGABOND!**... ACROSS THE PAGES OF HISTORY THE NAME OF THIS VALIANT REBEL WILL BE WRITTEN IN FLAMING LETTERS! HE IS THE SYMBOL OF A PEOPLE CONQUERED, AND YET UNCONQUERABLE!

WHEN THE **VAGABOND** AND **UNCLE SAM** LINK FORCES TO COMBAT THE LEADER OF THE NAZI ARMY OF ENSLAVEMENT, YOU CAN EXPECT **ANYTHING** TO HAPPEN! -- AND IT **DOES**, IN THIS THRILL-PACKED AND STIRRING TALE OF THE  
**"MEN WHO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM!"**...



# UNCLE SAM







OUR REAL STORY  
OPENS IN BERLIN...

COUNT  
GESTAPO, YOU  
HAVE BEEN CHOSEN  
TO FIND AND KILL THAT  
MAN CALLED YAGABOND!  
YOU WILL BE SUPPLIED WITH  
MEN AND MATERIALS FOR  
YOUR MISSION AT ONCE!

I OBEY,  
HERR  
FUEHRER!

THAT YAGABOND  
REBEL MUST BE CRUSHED  
BEFORE HE SPREADS  
REVOLT THROUGH  
ALL THE CONQUERED  
COUNTRIES!







TO HORSE, MEN!  
THE VAGABOND  
RIDES AGAIN!



BY THE SAINTS!  
WE HAVEN'T GUNS  
OR AMMUNITION  
ENOUGH TO  
FIGHT OFF  
SUCH AN  
ARMY!

WE CAN RETREAT  
TO THE VALLEY!  
THEY'LL NEVER  
FIND US  
THERE!



BACK  
TO THE  
VALLEY!



*Suddenly...*

WHOA! YOU'RE  
RIDING INTO  
A TRAP!



MY GOOD  
FRIEND,  
UNCLE  
SAM!

TWO NAZI  
REGIMENTS ARE  
WAITING IN THE  
VALLEY! THEY'LL  
CUT YOU TO  
PIECES!

AHA! THIS  
IS SOMETHING  
YOU DIDN'T  
TELL ME...  
EH, RAOUL?



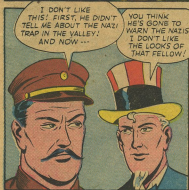
I HAVE BUT  
TWO EYES!... I  
CANNOT SEE  
EVERYTHING!

BUT WHAT  
CAN WE DO?  
I CAN'T  
FIGHT THESE  
NAZIS WITHOUT  
GUNS OR  
AMMUNITION!

YOUR AMERICAN  
FRIENDS HAVE  
AN ANSWER FOR  
THAT! COME!  
...I'LL SHOW  
YOU!









THE VAGABOND'S VALIANT GUERRILLA BAND  
FIGHTS FROM EVERY AVAILABLE COVER!



YOU'RE TOO LATE!...  
RUN!

WHOW!  
THINGS ARE CERTAINLY  
GETTING  
HOT  
AROUND  
HERE!





UNCLE SAM!

I'VE SEEN HIM COME THROUGH WORSE THAN THIS! WAIT AND SEE!



HELLO, FOLKS! THAT WAS QUITE A FIRECRACKER I SET OFF!

GEE! I THOUGHT YOU... GOSH!



NOW'S OUR CHANCE! ... HEAD FOR THE HILLS!

GOOD! ... COUNT GESTAPO WILL NEED TIME TO GET HIS MEN TOGETHER --WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM!

THAT NIGHT...



WITHOUT THE GUNS AND AMMUNITION, WE CAN'T FIGHT! IT APPEARS THAT THE VAGABOND IS FINISHED!

THERE'S STILL ONE CHANCE!



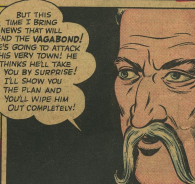
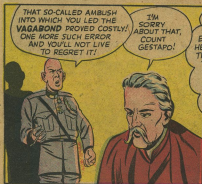
COUNT GESTAPO'S HEADQUARTERS IS IN THE TOWN OF RYALVI! THERE MUST BE PLENTY OF ORDNANCE SUPPLIES THERE!

SHH-HH! ... UNCLE SAM!



WE'RE GOING DOWN THE RIVER ON THESE RAFTS! THEN WE'LL SURPRISE GESTAPO'S MEN FROM THE REAR!

IT'LL WORK! I'M SURE!







**I**N THE TURBULENT WATER,  
THE VAGABOND AND HIS  
MEN MAKE DIFFICULT TARGETS!



**SHOOT  
THEM!  
KILL  
THEM!  
THEY'RE  
GETTING  
AWAY!**

**COUNT  
GESTAPO!**



**SHOOTING  
IS COMING  
FROM  
THE TOWN! WE'RE  
BEING  
ATTACKED!**

**WHAT?**



**GET THE  
MEN BACK TO  
TOWN! HURRY!  
WE'VE BEEN  
TRICKED!**



**IT LOOKS AS  
IF OUR FLANK  
ATTACK TOOK  
'EM BY  
SURPRISE,  
BUDDY!**

**THE VAGABOND  
CERTAINLY THREW  
THEM OFF  
THE TRAIL!**

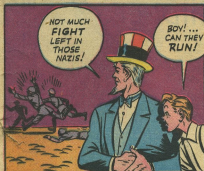


**THEY DON'T  
KNOW THAT MOST  
OF THE MEN  
CAME WITH  
US!**

**THEY'VE FOUND  
OUT BY THIS TIME!  
WE'LL BE READY  
FOR 'EM!**



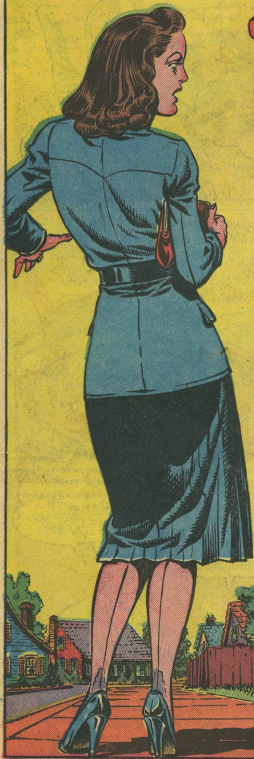




Policewoman

# SALLY O'NEIL

AND THE  
MIGHTY  
MIDGET



**FOR MAYOR**  
**ADOLPHUS INCH**

...866...  
VOTE THE INDEPENDENT  
TICKET... STAMP OUT  
THE BLACK MARKET  
...ELECTED TO CLEAN  
CORRUPTION AND CR

By  
AL.  
BRYANT



**THIS IS THE STORY OF MR. INCH, THE SMALLEST MAN IN THE WORLD! ...**

**FOR HIM, A TASTE OF POWER FED THE FLAMES OF AMBITION! HE BECAME INVOLVED WITH UNSCRUPULOUS RACKETEERS AND UNWITTINGLY GAVE**

**SALLY O'NEIL THE CLUE TO THE GANG LEADER!**

LADEES AND GENTLEMEN... RIGHT THIS WAY! ... ONLY TEN CENTS --ONE DIME-- TO SEE THE BIGGEST LITTLE SHOW ON EARTH!

AS THE FEATURED ATTRACTION, WE GIVE YOU MR. INCH, THE SMALLEST MAN IN THE WORLD! HE IS FORTY-FIVE YEARS OLD ... STANDS 20 INCHES...

MAMA-- LOOK AT THE LITTLE LIVE DOLL!







# NATIONAL COMICS

TEN DAYS LATER ...

I HAVE TEN DOLLARS...  
A MAN OF THE WORLD  
MUST EAT WELL! THEN---



IT'S A CINCH, BOSS!  
YOU CAN'T LOSE! YOU GOT  
THE SOCIAL SET ON  
YOUR SIDE!...

INTERESTING  
CONVERSATION



--AN' THE  
GANG'S SURE  
PUTTIN' ON  
THE HEAT  
FOR YOU!

WE CAN'T  
TALK HERE,  
BANTAM! MEET  
ME AT THE HOTEL  
AT FOUR! .....  
SUITE 160!



IT'LL BE  
SWEET SAILIN'  
AFTER YOU'RE  
ELECTED,  
BOSS!

WE'LL HAVE THE  
**POWER, BANTAM!** WE'LL  
CLEAN UP WITH OUR BLACK  
MARKET SET-UP!



HOW ARE YOU,  
MR. LARDER? I'M  
GOING TO VOTE  
FOR YOU!

THANKS!  
HAVE A  
CIGAR!



WHO IS  
THAT  
MAN?

WHY, HE'S THE TOWN'S  
LEADING CITIZEN -- **LUCIUS  
P. LARDER!**...OWNS A CHAIN  
OF WHOLESALE AND RETAIL FOOD  
STORES!... HE'LL BE OUR  
NEXT MAYOR!



I SHOULD CULTIVATE  
THE ACQUAINTANCE OF  
INFLUENTIAL PEOPLE!  
I WILL CALL ON THE  
PROSPECTIVE MAYOR!



LATER THAT AFTERNOON... IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE ...

CHIEF... THE RACKETEERS OF THIS TOWN ARE LIKE MUSHROOMS! ... YOU PICK OFF ONE AND TWO SPRING UP IN THE SPOT!

THE WAR HAS BROUGHT NEW RACKETS...



WORKERS ARE GETTING GOOD MONEY AND THE GAMBLING DIVES ARE FLOURISHING! THERE ARE BLACK MARKETS AND FOOD BOOTLEGGERS ---

--AND NOW THE GROCERS PAY OFF OR THEY DON'T GET LOADED AT THE WHOLESALE HOUSE!



KEEP AT IT, SALLY! WE MUST GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

I'VE A HUNCH ONE RINGLEADER IS BACK OF IT ALL! SOONER OR LATER, WE'LL LOCATE THE RAT!



IN THE MEANTIME... AT THE HOTEL SUITE OF LUCIUS P. LARDER ...

YOU SURE ARE SMART, BOSS! THE BIGSHOT OF THE TOWN, RUNNIN' FOUR RACKETS AT ONCE, AN' NOBODY TUMBLIN' TO IT!

FORGET IT! HOW ABOUT THE GROCERS?



THEY KNOW ENOUGH TO COME THROUGH! A FIVE DOLLAR LOADIN' FEE AIN'T MUCH-- FOR STAYIN' HEALTHY!

SLOW DOWN UNTIL AFTER ELECTION! THEN IT'LL COME EASY!

AT THIS POINT, MR. INCH STEPS FROM BEHIND A CHAIR!

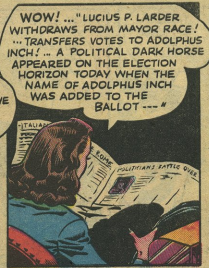
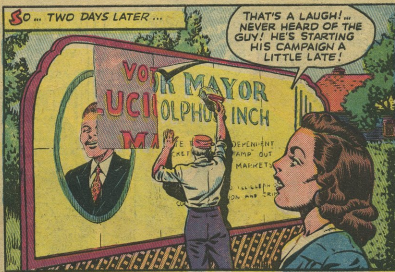
GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN! HOPE I'M NOT INTRUDING!

WHO ARE YOU?



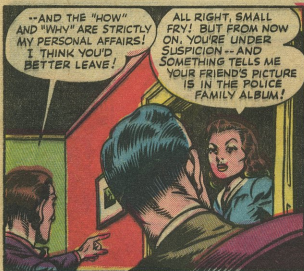
MR. INCH... ADOLPHUS INCH! ... THE SMALLEST MAN IN THE WORLD! ... IT MAY SURPRISE YOU TO KNOW THAT I EXPECT TO BE YOUR NEXT MAYOR!







NATIONAL COMICS



THE NEXT DAY ... IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE AGAIN...



SALLY, YOU WERE RIGHT! LARDER WAS BEHIND ALL THE RACKETS! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GUESSED IT!

CALL IT WOMAN'S INTUITION, IF YOU MUST, CHIEF!



LARDER AND BANTAM HAVE BOTH BEEN ARRESTED! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH MR. INCH?

YOU CAN'T ARREST A MAN FOR RUNNING FOR MAYOR!



YOU RUINED EVERYTHING! I WOULD HAVE BEEN MAYOR!

I'M SORRY! BUT IF I HADN'T SPOTTED YOU, I WOULDN'T HAVE UNCOVERED THE CROOKS!...



--AND YOU REALLY ARE SUCH A DARLING! ...ISN'T HE, CHIEF?



NOBODY WILL EVER CALL ME A "DARLING" AGAIN! --AND GET BY WITH IT!!



THE HOTEL SENT THIS TELEGRAM OVER, JUST NOW! ... IT'S FOR YOU, TOUGH GUY!



MISS O'NEIL ... TAKE A WIRE! .."NOT INTERESTED. AM SERVING A TEN-DAY SENTENCE!"

HA-HA!

"SIGNED: ADOLPHUS INCH!"

BE SURE TO READ SALLY O'NEIL IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS!



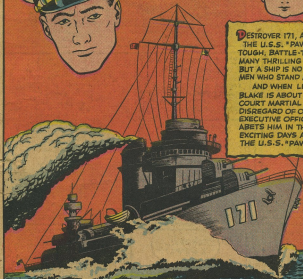


# DESTROYER 171



**D**ESTROYER 171, ALSO KNOWN AS THE U.S.S. "PAWNEE," IS THE TOUGH, BATTLE-TRIED VETERAN OF MANY THRILLING SEA COMBATS! BUT A SHIP IS NO BETTER THAN THE MEN WHO STAND AT HER BRIDGE!

AND WHEN LIEUT. COMMANDER BLAKE IS ABOUT TO FACE A COURT MARTIAL FOR THE WILFUL DISREGARD OF ORDERS, AND HIS EXECUTIVE OFFICER AIDS AND ABETS HIM IN THE CRIME ... EXCITING DAYS ARE AHEAD FOR THE U.S.S. "PAWNEE"!



**T**HIS IS A RED CROSS SHIP ... BUT THE TORPEDO THAT BLASTS OPEN HER SIDES IS AS DEVOID OF FEELING AS THE JAPANESE COMMANDER WHO ORDERED THE ATTACK!...



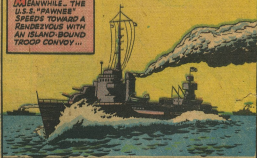
SOON ALL THAT REMAINS AFLOAT ON A SEA OF DESOLATION, IS A SINGLE LIFEBOAT OF THE DEAD ...



IT IS WELL! NONE REMAIN ALIVE! WE DESCEND AND PROCEED AT ONCE TO NEXT OBJECTIVE!



MEANWHILE... THE U.S.S. "PAWNEE" SPEEDS TOWARD A RENDEZVOUS WITH AN ISLAND-BOUND TROOP CONVOY...



WE SHOULD PICK UP THE CONVOY IN A FEW HOURS!

PERHAPS SOONER... AT THE RATE WE'RE GOING!



CONROY!... LOOK!



A LIFEBOAT SIR! ... BUT THERE DON'T APPEAR TO BE ANY SURVIVORS!

GIVE THE ORDER TO SWING ABOUT! WE MUST FIND OUT!



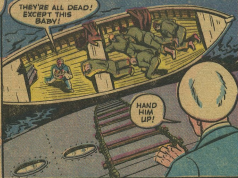
THAT'S DISOBEYING ORDERS, COMMANDER BLAKE! IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO THE CONVOY...

FORGET THE ORDERS! DO AS I SAY!



THE U.S.S. "PAWNEE" PULLS ALONGSIDE THE LIFEBOAT ...

THEY'RE ALL DEAD! EXCEPT THIS BABY!



HAND HIM UP!

HE'S SUFFERING FROM EXPOSURE AND SHOCK! GET THE SHIP'S DOCTOR TO LOOK AFTER HIM!

AYE, SIR!



THIS MESSAGE JUST NOW CAME FROM THE ADMIRAL IN CHARGE OF THE CONVOY!

SPARE ME THE DETAILS, CONVOY! TELL ME THE WORST!



YOU'VE BEEN RELIEVED OF YOUR COMMAND, SIR! I'M ORDERED TO TAKE OVER THE SHIP!

WELL, I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING WHEN I DISOBEYED ORDERS!



SO THE U.S.S. "PAWNEE" LIFTS ANCHOR AGAIN WITH A NEW MASTER AT ITS HELM ...

BY JEEPEERS! I'D DO IT AGAIN! AND I'D GIVE A YEARS PAY TO GET AT THE JAP DEVILS WHO TORPEDDED THAT SHIP!

I KNOW JUST HOW YOU FEEL, SIR! BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS!







BLOWERS HOWLING A WILD SONG OF DEFIANCE, THE U.S.S. "PAWNEE" VEERS SHARPLY FROM HER COURSE!

# NATIONAL COMICS

OVER THE LURKING JAP SUBMARINE, THE U.S.S. "PAWNEE" SOWS A DEADLY TRAIL OF EXPLOSIVE DEPTH BOMBS!...

THAT SHOULD BRING OUR LITTLE FRIEND OUT OF HIDING!

OR SEND HIM STRAIGHT TO THE BOTTOM!



DESCEND AT ONCE! WE MUST DIVE BEYOND REACH OF DEPTH BOMBS!

WE CANNOT DIVE, HONORABLE CAPTAIN! THE PLATES ARE SPRUNG!

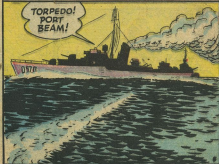
WE WILL DROWN IF WE STAY HERE!



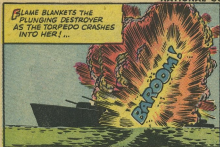
ASCEND TO PERISCOPE DEPTH! ... FIRE NUMBER THREE TORPEDO!

THE DARING MANEUVER TAKES THE U.S.S. "PAWNEE" BY SURPRISE AND A HURLING MISSILE OF DEATH CLEAVES TOWARD THE DESTROYER!

TORPEDO! PORT BEAM!



**FLAME BLANKETS THE  
PLUNGING DESTROYER  
AS THE TORPEDO CRASHES  
INTO HER!...**



HERE COMES THE  
KILLER! HE HEARD  
THE EXPLOSION!



**FIRE!**



EASY,  
MEN!  
TAKE YOUR  
TIME AND  
MAKE IT  
GOOD!



WE'RE  
DONE  
FOR!

ORDER BULKHEADS  
SEALED! GET THE  
PUMPS WORKING!



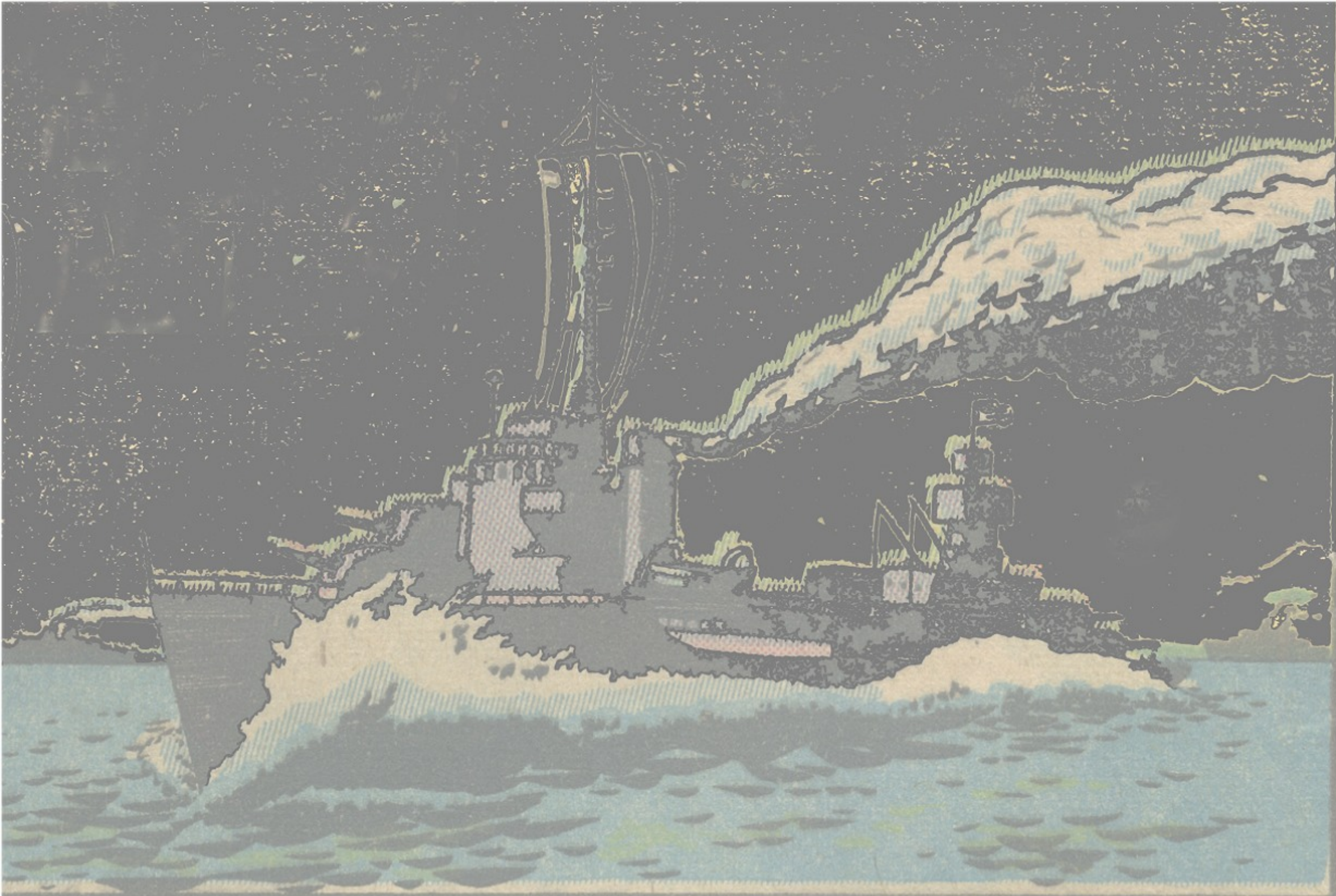
YANKES DESTROYER STILL  
FLOATS! PREPARE TO  
FIRE!



**GIVE  
IT TO  
'EM!**





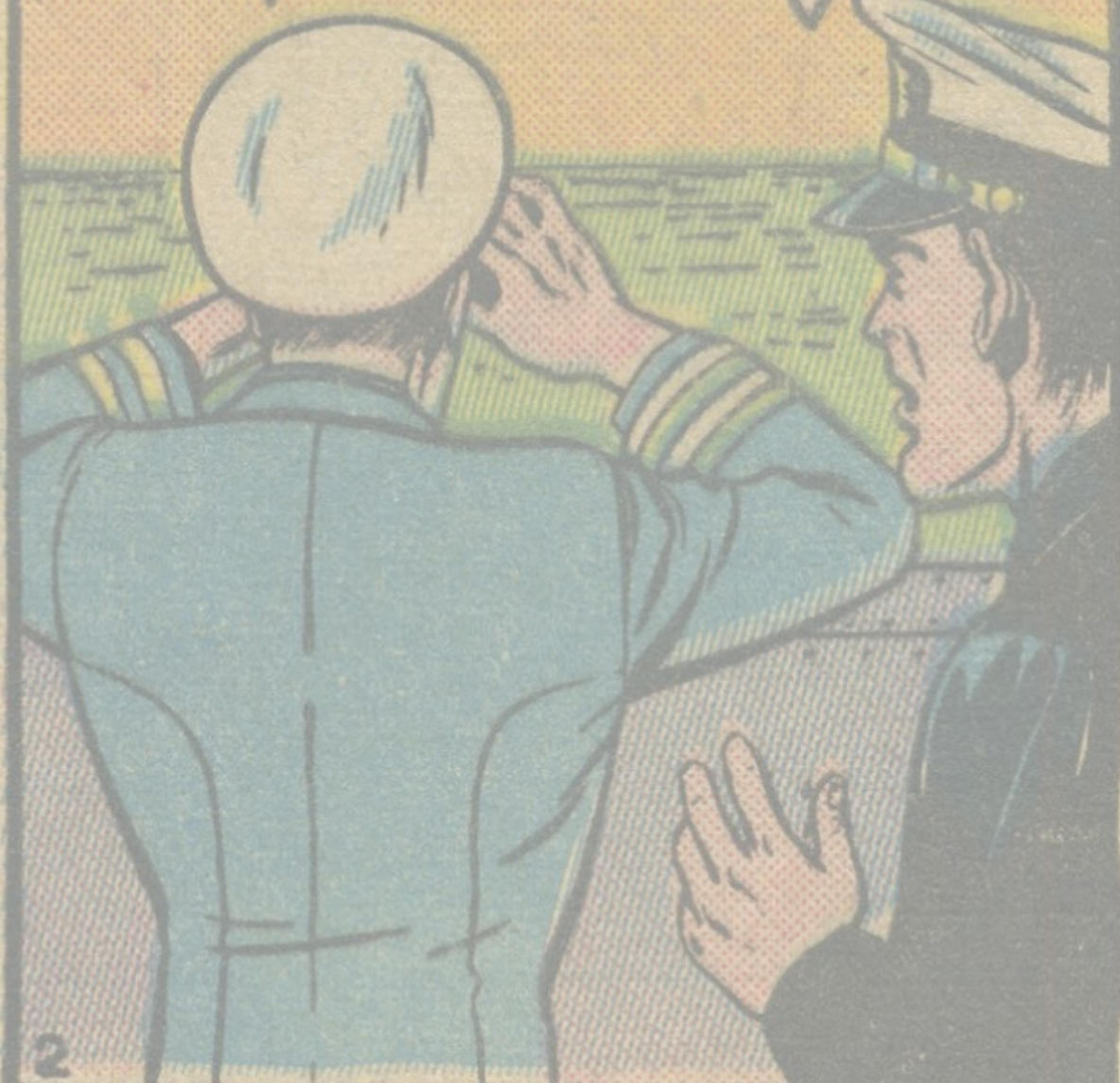


**NO SIGN OF  
PAGE 29**



**WE GOT THE  
SUB -- BUT I  
WONDER HOW  
THE REST OF  
THE STORY  
ENDED?**

**OH, THE  
KID WAS  
PROBABLY  
THE SON  
OF THE  
CONVOY  
ADMIRAL**





# Salty WATERS

The image is a comic book cover. At the top, the title 'Salty WATERS' is written in a large, stylized font. 'Salty' is in a cursive script, while 'WATERS' is in bold, block letters with a red outline. Below the title, there is a horizontal line. The main part of the cover features two characters: a sailor on the left and a woman on the right. The sailor is wearing a dark uniform with a white collar and a white sailor's cap. He has a mustache and is looking towards the woman. The woman is wearing a white sailor's cap and a white top. She has a surprised or excited expression. There are two speech bubbles. The one on the left, coming from the sailor, says 'PAGE 30 IS MISSING!'. The one on the right, coming from the woman, says 'DAMN! I MIGHT HAVE BEEN FUNNY THIS MONTH!'. The background is a mix of pink, green, and purple colors, suggesting an outdoor setting.

**PAGE 30 IS  
MISSING!**

**DAMN!  
I MIGHT  
HAVE BEEN  
FUNNY  
THIS MONTH!**

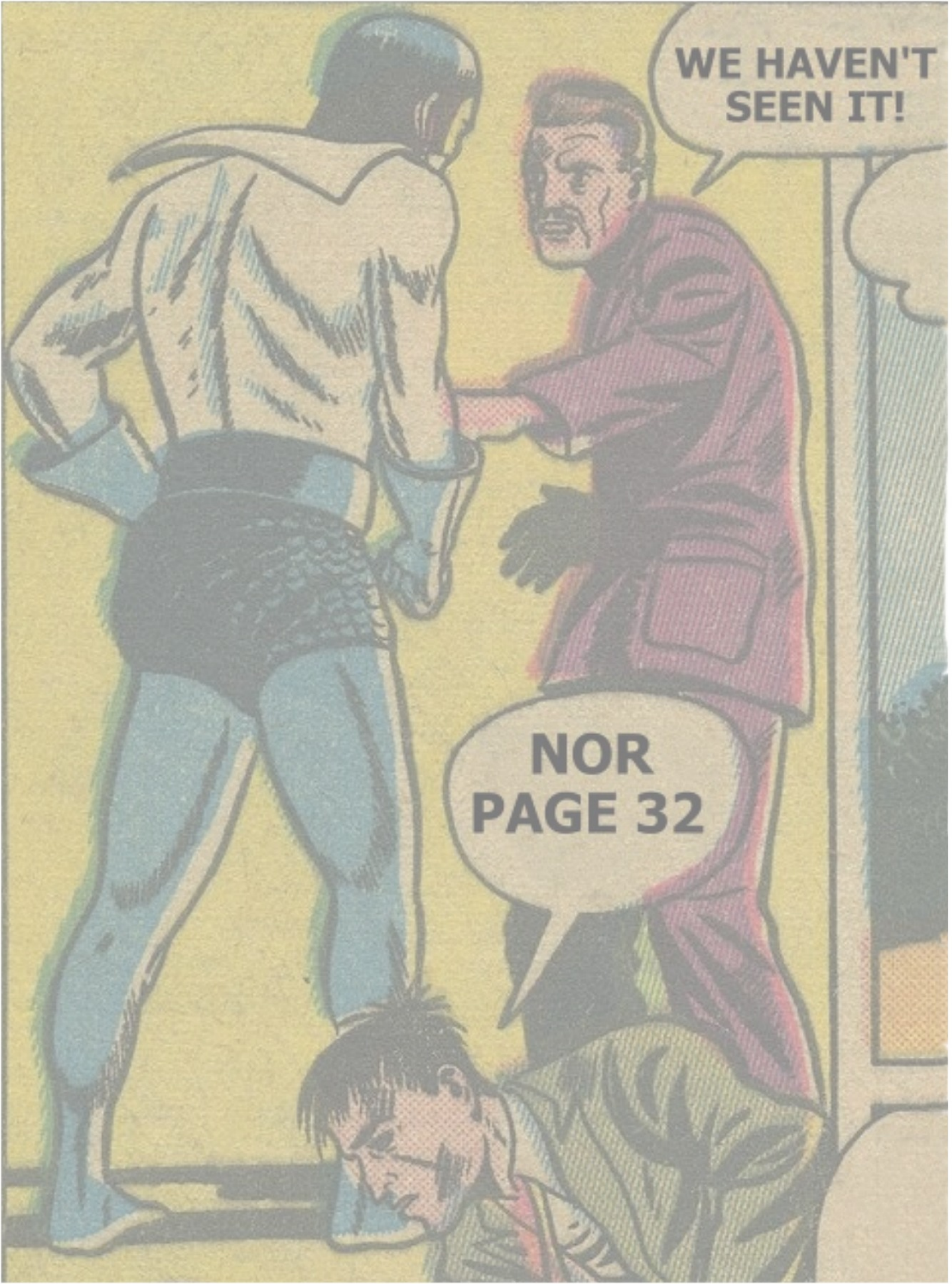


**WHAT HAVE  
YOU THUGS  
DONE WITH  
PAGE 31?**

A comic book illustration featuring Quicksilver, a character with white hair and a white suit, in a dynamic pose. He is surrounded by other characters, including one with blue hair and another with green hair. The background is a solid red color. The illustration is rendered in a classic comic book style with bold lines and a limited color palette.

**QUICKSILVER!**

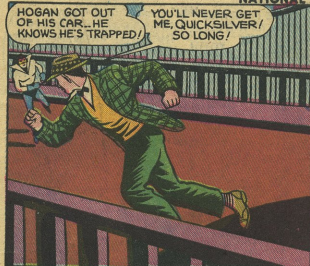




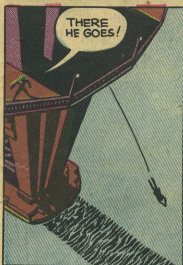
**WE HAVEN'T  
SEEN IT!**

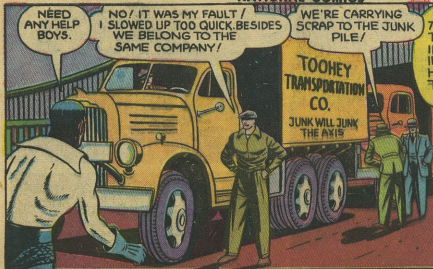
**NOR  
PAGE 32**





HARBOR POLICE AND GRAPPLING HOOKS SEARCH FOR HOGAN'S BODY





NEED ANY HELP BOYS.

NO! IT WAS MY FAULT / I SLOWED UP TOO QUICK. BESIDES WE BELONG TO THE SAME COMPANY!

WE'RE CARRYING SCRAP TO THE JUNK PILE!

HMMM... THE "TOOHEY TRANSPORTATION COMPANY"! THAT WAS A PHONY ACCIDENT IF I EVER SAW ONE! WONDER IF THEY COULD POSSIBLY HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS HOGAN AFFAIR?... I THINK I'LL LOOK THEM UP!



LATER THAT NIGHT QUICKSILVER MAKES HIS WAY DOWN-TOWN TO THE OFFICES OF THE TOOHEY TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.



THERE'S A COUPLE OF MEN WORKING... AND THEY ARE MEMBERS OF HOGAN'S MOB. I'M ON HIS TRAIL ALRIGHT!

WE GOTTA GET THIS LOAD OF JUNK OUT TO THE COUNTRY WAREHOUSE TONIGHT.

YEAH - AND BRING SOME GRUB TO HACKLEHEAD, TOO!

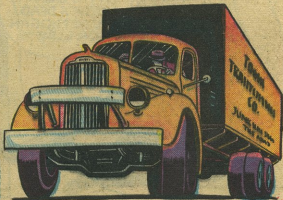
I'VE GOT TO STOW AWAY IN THAT TRUCK.

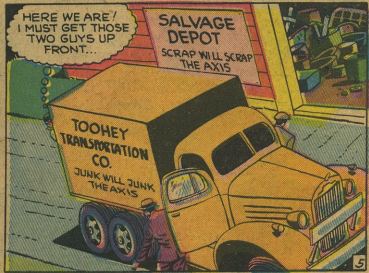
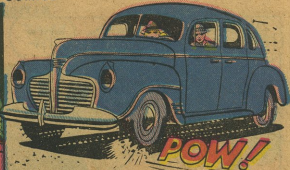
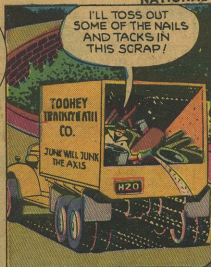


C'MON, LET'S GET A DRINK BEFORE WE TAKE THE TRUCK AWAY.

NOW'S MY CHANCE!

HALF AN HOUR LATER THE TRUCK ROLLS OUT FOR ITS DESTINATION...

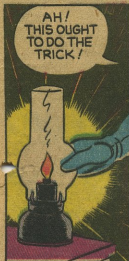
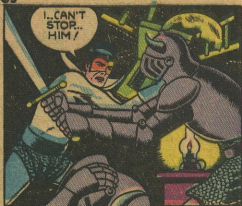
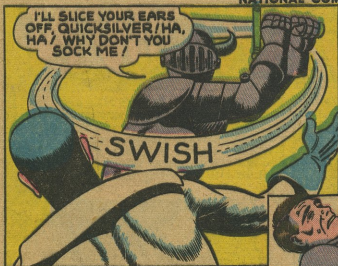












I GOTTA PROFESSIONAL. HIGH DIVER TO SNEAK OUT OF THAT FIRST BURNING CAR AND HIDE UNTIL I CAME IN MY CAR.. WHEN I CLIMBED DOWN ON THE GIRDERS HE LEAPED INTO THE RIVER.. THE COPS THOUGHT I WAS KILLED.. THEN LATER WHEN THOSE TRUCKS COLLIDED I SLIPPED INTO ONE OF THEM DURING THE CONFUSION!



I HID IN ONE OF THE SUITS OF ARMOR IN BACK OF THE SCRAP FILLED TRUCK. NOBODY BUT YOU WOULD HAVE FOUND ME IN THIS HIDEOUT!

WHICH JUST PROVES AGAIN THAT YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER!



FOLLOW THE ACTION CRAMMED ADVENTURES OF QUICKSILVER IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS!

# THE UNKNOWN

The hatred of conquered people for their conquerors festers like an open wound ... and it is certain as death, that at the first opportunity, the oppressed will rise up against those who would trod them into the ground! Thus, as the United States delivers sledgehammer blows at the marauding Japs, the hitherto docile Koreans find new courage to resist their brutal masters ... and watching **THE UNKNOWN** in action adds fuel to the growing flame of their desire for freedom!



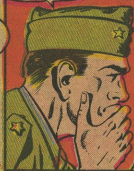
ARMY INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS - SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC...

ACCORDING TO THIS RED CROSS REPORT, CAPTAIN WALKER AND MAJOR DEERING ARE IN THE BIG TAKI PRISON CAMP IN KOREA!

AND PROBABLY GETTING THE WORKS FROM THE NIPS!



TWO OF OUR MOST VALUABLE MEN ROTTING IN A FILTHY JAP CAMP! ... SOMETHING MUST BE DONE TO GET THEM OUT!



THE KOREANS HATE THE JAPS! THEY'D HELP US, IF WE COULD ORGANIZE A COMMANDO RAID!

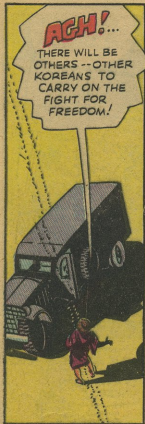


A CAREFULLY PLANNED COMMANDO PARTY LANDS ON THE KOREAN SHORE ...





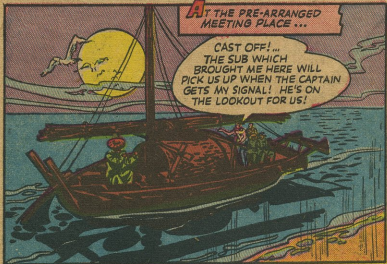












LOOK FOR THE UNKNOWN IN A SMASHING NEW ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS!

# GOLDEN RETRIBUTION

AS darkness fell, Thorvald shivered and drew his body farther into the clump of moose bushes. He had been waiting there for three hours, waiting for Sig Norman to come along with his dog team—and the mail. It was not the mail Thorvald wanted. It was the Big Horn Mine payroll, and it was more than \$20,000.00.

"Twenty grand!" Thorvald breathed. "With that much gelt I can own the world!"

Thorvald Swensen had been in the Yukon less than a year, but he knew everything that went on in the vast territory. He was not a crook. Which is to say, not a habitual criminal. But Thorvald was ambitious. He had no intention of digging out a meager existence in the gold streams. A year of that had proved to him that one doesn't get rich unless—

The opening of the Big Horn Mine had opened up a bright vista for Thorvald. He made plans quickly, got figures on the payroll and personnel, and bided his time. No use knocking over the mine payroll while it was small.

So Thorvald waited and watched the mine grow by leaps. After six months, the weekly pay was around twenty thousand dollars. Now was the time to grab it!

Sig was late. More than once Thorvald had watched, hidden, while Sig Norman glided past with his sled loaded with greenbacks and gold. But tonight Sig was behind schedule.

Ah! The sharp yip of a dog cut through the frosty air, and Thorvald tensed, grasping his rifle. This was to be no holdup; Thorvald meant to murder Sig, so there would be no chance of pinning the guilt on him—Thorvald.

The yips of the dogs drew rapidly nearer and Thorvald could hear the screech of the sled runners on the hard-packed snow. Then the sled swung into view.

Thorvald moistened his lips. Murder wasn't exactly in his category. But there was no other way. He lifted his rifle as the sled swept past, and drew a bead on the back of Sig's barka-covered head. He pressed the trigger.

Sig threw up his hands and pitched forward, rolling over several times. The dogs yelped and howled and milled around in a tangle of harness. Thorvald strode toward them. In a few moments he had lifted the three heavy bags of gold out of the sled. Then he was gone into the silent night.

Nature conspired to help Thorvald, for soon after he had committed murder a violent storm blew up out of the north. The snow fell in a deep blanket, covering the body of Sig Norman, obliterating Thorvald's tracks.

This was on a Friday night, Saturday morning. Nick Daley, Superintendent of the Big Horn Mine, sat in his office with a worried expression and directed a query to Gus Malone, his foreman.

"What the devil's happened to Sig, do you suppose? He's always got here on Friday night."

Gus shook his head. "Foul play, I'd say, Nick. Sig ain't one to let anything interfere with his duty, not him."

"Meaning?" said Daley.

"Someone's bumped him off for the payroll."

"May make trouble among the men," Daley returned. "They're

pretty touchy anyhow on account of working in that level they think is dangerous."

At noon the men filed out of the deep mine and lined up at the paymaster's window. It was closed. Daley stepped out of his office and cleared his throat.

"Men," he said, "the payroll has not arrived. It is not like Sig Norman to be late—this late anyhow. He may have had trouble. However, you men go back to work and don't worry; the payroll is insured, and you'll get your money very soon."

There was considerable grumbling among the miners, but they went back to work.

Daley dispatched two men to go back over Sig's trail. He knew they would have a hard time discovering anything because of the deep fall of snow.

The factor at MacGreggor House, headquarters of the Yukon Mounted Police, was startled to see a dog team, without a driver, come tearing down the street.

"Hey, Joe!" he shouted, "Ain't that Sig Norman's team 'a-comin' in?"

Joe, a half-breed, grunted an affirmative. Then the two men went outside as the panting dog team drew up and stopped.

"What the devil does this mean, I wonder?" the factor demanded. "You s'pose someone stunk up Sig?"

Joe pointed to the sled. "Someone take payroll," he grunted. Then he touched the handrail on the sled. "Blood," he stated.

The factor looked closely. Sure enough, there was a splash of blood on the rail! Someone had shot Sig! The factor ran inside and through a door into Inspector



Hennessey's office. In a moment the inspector was outside, examining the sled.

Joe the half-breed found Sig's body. The mail carrier had been shot in the head with a 30-30 slug. Shot from behind.

Who murdered Sig Norman?

The story of the crime went out on the Mounted Police teletype and a big search for the killer got under way. A week went by. Two. No trace of Thorvald Swensen showed up. Nor was he suspected, even though it was discovered that he had left his cabin on the Whitehorse River.

At the moment Thorvald was skulking through a heavy wood, his middle weighted down by three sacks of gold. Thorvald was tired. He had been tramping toward the west for nearly three weeks, and had seen nobody. Nobody until this afternoon. Then, sensing another presence, he had turned and seen a Mounty on his trail. Or was he on his trail?

Thorvald put on more speed. He wasn't certain that the Mounty had spotted him, but he was taking no chances. He became convinced of the officer's intention, however, late that afternoon. He too had speeded up, keeping about a mile behind Thorvald.

There was only one thing Thorvald wanted to do and that was to reach the coast. There he could grab a steamer for Seattle. He knew where he could change the gold into greenbacks in the city.

It was getting dark when Thorvald decided on a showdown with the red-coated policeman. He hid in a clump of brush and waited. A half hour passed and then Thorvald heard a twig snap. He checked his rifle and held his breath. The Mounty stepped hesitantly into view, halting a few paces from Thorvald. Now was the time!

"All right, you—freeze!" Thorvald snapped, rising, with his rifle covering the cop.

The latter lifted his hands, dropping his carbine on the ground.

"What's the idea?" he asked easily.

"That's what I'm askin' you," Thorvald replied. "You're tailin' me. What for?"

The Mounty said, "I had orders to check on everyone on my beat. here's been a murder and robbery over on the Whitehorse . . . Mind if I lower my arms?"

"Keep 'em up!" Thorvald barked. Then:

"Who was murdered?"

"Fellow by the name of Sig Norman. The killer took the Big Horn Mine payroll off his sled." The Mounty's gaze shifted to Thorvald's waist, bulging under its burden of gold. Then he did a rash thing. He went for his pistol. Thorvald fired, knocking the officer off his feet. At that range Thorvald knew he had got his man in a vital part. He turned and hastened down the darkening trail, leaving the Mounty sprawled on the ground.

"I wonder," he muttered as he trudged along, "if the feller knew it was me."

Thorvald's spirits were high as he put the miles behind him. This was wild territory, seldom seen by white men, so there was little possibility of any more Mounties showing up. Thorvald figured that he was less than fifty miles from the coast. Then Seattle! And his wealth converted into hard cash!

The trees thinned out as Thorvald forged ahead, dropping ever lower toward the coastline. The last of the snow he had left a mile above. Now, there was brown, frozen ground covered with craggy brush that tore and ripped at his clothes and flesh. He slipped and several times fell, bruising himself on the rough shale. Too, the heavy bags of gold about his waist were beginning to tell on his strength. His back felt par-

alyzed. He wished he could change the position of the bags.

Thorvald came to a narrow, swift river and an overturned Indian dugout. What luck! The river emptied into the Pacific. Thorvald at last got the heavy canoe afloat and climbed in, with the broad paddle in his hands. He shoved off. . . .

\* \* \*

Squint-eye, the Siwash Indian, sang as he paddled his dugout along the rapid stream. The season had been good, the salmon catches abundant, and caribou fat and plentiful. So Squint-eye sang from a full heart. There was a new papoose in his hut—that made seven. He had named them for the days of the week. On the seventh day, the white missionary had told him, the Lord rested. Today was the seventh day and accordingly Squint-eye lazed in the stern of his canoe and gave forth in a plaintive tribal song.

He saw a whitefish leap high out of the water and splash back again. Squint-eye sometimes fed the fish, when he wasn't angling for them, so now he heaved a handful of crumbs into the water. He looked over the side, able to see many feet into the clear depths.

What was that! Squint-eye dropped his stone anchor over-side, peeled off his caribou pants and jacket, and dived. He came up with a water-logged body around whose waist were several big bulges. Squint-eye explored the bulges, after he had got the drowned man aboard his canoe, gasped at what he found, then nodded sagely. This was stolen gold, and Squint-eye would turn it in to the Mounted Police.

Why did he know that it was stolen? That was easy to figure out, according to Indian logic: Who other than a thief would have so cleverly hidden the bags around his waist—bags so heavy that they held him on the bottom when his canoe capsized!

# CYCLONE CUPID

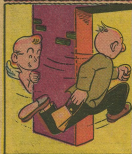
HE AINT  
STUPID

THE CASE OF THE  
"PURLOINED PURSE"  
AND  
WHO DUN IT!  
OR

KUPID KATCHES KRAZY  
KLEPTOMANIAC!



THE THIEF DUCKS INTO A  
DOORWAY!..



...AND DASHES UP TO HIS ROOM  
WHERE HE DEPOSITS HIS  
I'LL GOTTEN GAIN INTO A  
BUREAU FULL OF OTHER  
PURSES...



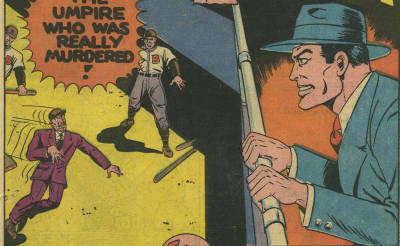
GEE, MR. CUPID, I COULDN'T  
HELP STEALING! I'M A KLEPTO-  
MANIAC... BUT NOW THAT I HAVE  
GOT YOUR HONESTY ARROW, I  
PROMISE NEVER TO STEAL  
AGAIN!



# CHIC CARTER

**THE  
UMPIRE  
WHO WAS  
REALLY  
MURDERED**

VERNON  
HENKEL



**THE  
GAME GETS  
UNDER  
WAY...**

THIS IS MY IDEA OF A GOOD  
TIME! BASEBALL... A MAN'S  
GAME!

I STILL THINK  
WE SHOULD HAVE  
GONE TO THE  
TENNIS MATCHES!  
TENNIS IS MORE  
GRACEFUL!

SEC. 8



**YER  
OUT!**



HE WAS  
SAFE, Y'BIG  
BUM!

I SAID  
HE WAS  
OUT!





HE WUZ SAFE!  
MORDER THAT  
UMPIRE!



THERE SEEMS TO BE  
SOME SLIGHT DISAGREE-  
MENT, BUT I DON'T SEE  
THE REASON FOR  
ALL THE EXCITEMENT!

HMMM...  
I'D  
EXPECT  
A CRACK  
LIKE THAT  
FROM A  
TENNIS  
FAN!



THE FIFTH  
INNINGS...

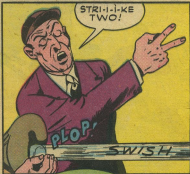
GREEN SOX, 4-  
BROWNISS, 0!  
WELL... THE  
BROWNISS GO  
TO BAT NOW!...  
MAYBE THEY'LL  
WAKE UP!



STRI-I-IKE  
ONE!



STRI-I-IKE  
TWO!



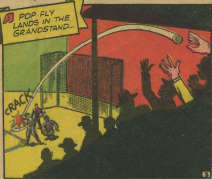
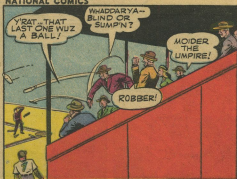
THAT WAS NO  
STRIKE! IT MISSED  
THE PLATE BY A  
MILE! WHADDAYA  
TRYIN' T'DO? - GIVE  
THEM GREEN SOX -  
THE GAME?



MY... BUT THAT  
UMPIRE SEEMS  
TO BE  
UNPOPULAR!

NOBODY LOVES AN  
UMPIRE... AND THERE  
SEEMS TO BE A LOT  
OF FEELING THAT HE  
FAVORS THE GREEN  
SOX!











LOOK FOR ANOTHER EXCITING **CHIC CARTER** ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S **NATIONAL COMICS!!**

# G-2

## of the ARMY INTELLIGENCE

**SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE TWO-DOLLAR BILLS ARE UNLUCKY!**

LET'S GO ALONG WITH ONE OF THOSE SUPPOSEDLY UNLUCKY TWO-DOLLAR BILLS AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO THE PEOPLE WHO OWN IT ...

**WHERE IT IS... AN ORDINARY TWO-DOLLAR BILL... RESTING PEACEFULLY IN A CASH-REGISTER DRAWER...**



**BUT LET'S SEE, NOW... WHERE IS THIS CASH REGISTER?**



**PAPEETE, EH? THAT'S IN TAHITI! FRENCH-OWNED! SURE, THEY TAKE AMERICAN MONEY, ANY PLACE! WELL... TAHITI IS IN THE PACIFIC! ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IN THE PACIFIC, THESE DAYS!**

**I WANT ANOTHER DRINK!**

**BEAT IT! YOU'RE NOT ONLY DRUNK-- YOU'RE BROKE!**



**AT A TABLE SITS DON LEASH OF THE U.S. MILITARY INTELLIGENCE... WITH AN OFFICIAL OF THE TAHITIAN GOVERNMENT...**

**M'SIEU, I HAVE SHOWN YOU ALL THE TOUGHEST PLACES IN TAHITI! NOW I MUST LEAVE YOU! AU REVOIR!**

**THANKS! YOU'VE BEEN VERY KIND!**



**THERE'S A LAD WHO'S GOING TO FIND HIMSELF IN ALL KINDS OF TROUBLE SOON! THESE PLACES AREN'T TOO GENTLE WITH HIS KIND!**

**HEY, YOU!**



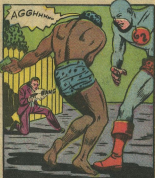
**Case of the Unlucky Two-Dollar Bill!**

**CASE NO. 11**

















G-2!!  
WHAT A PLACE  
TO FIND  
YOU!

HIYA,  
BOYS!  
WELCOME  
TO THE  
PARTY!

AS THE PT BOAT  
COMES CLOSE  
TO SHORE...

DO YOU  
CHAPS KEEP  
YOUR GUNS  
DRY DURING  
A SWIM?

YES,  
G-2! WE  
MANAGE!

BOSS  
MURDER  
!!!

BACK ON SHORE AGAIN...

THERE  
IS  
HOUSE!

YOU GO IN  
FIRST --AND  
NO TRICKS!

A PERFECT  
SET-UP! --HOW  
TO MAKE A FORTUNE  
IN ONE DAY --IF  
YOU'RE THAT  
CROOKED!



AKIRAMA!  
YOU ---

Y-YES --  
IT IS  
I ---



MISSED!

死なず!  
DISHONORABLE  
FINISH!

AGHHH!



JUST IN CASE  
YOU HAVEN'T  
LEARNED YOUR  
LESSON!

WELL, ONE TWO-DOLLAR  
BILL'S SUPPOSED TO BRING  
BAD LUCK! SINCE THERE  
ARE SEVERAL THOUSAND  
THERE, IT'S SMALL  
WONDER HE'S DEAD!



I WAS SENT HERE  
TO SEE IF I COULD  
TRACK THIS DOWN!  
JAPS WERE SPREADING  
PHONY TWO-DOLLAR  
BILLS IN THE ISLANDS! --  
TRYING TO MAKE OUR  
CURRENCY WORTHLESS!  
THEY PROBABLY PICKED  
ON TWO-DOLLAR BILLS  
BECAUSE THEY'RE EASY  
TO CHANGE! WELL,  
THE STUNT'S OVER  
FOR THEM!

STILL THINK TWO-DOLLAR  
BILLS ARE UNLUCKY? ...  
WE WONDER!

ANOTHER G-2 THRILLER IN  
NEXT MONTH'S  
NATIONAL COMICS!

**YES-** RADIO MEN  
ARE MAKING GOOD MONEY  
NOW AND HAVE A BRIGHT  
FUTURE. I'M GOING  
TO START LEARNING  
RADIO RIGHT NOW!



**NO-** NOT ME.  
I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE  
MY TIME. SUCCESS IS  
JUST A MATTER OF  
LUCK AND I WASN'T  
BORN LUCKY.

**BILL SAID  
"YES"  
HE'S MAKING  
GOOD MONEY  
IN RADIO  
NOW**



THE N.R.I. COURSE IS  
PRACTICAL. I'M MAKING  
\$5 TO \$10 A WEEK FINDING  
RADIOS IN SPARE  
TIME WHILE  
LEARNING

YOU CERTAINLY  
KNOW RADIO.  
MINE NEVER  
SOUNDED  
BETTER.

I'M A FULL TIME  
RADIO TECHNICIAN  
NOW. N.R.I. HELPS  
A FELLOW JUMP  
HIS PAY

THANKS



BILL, I'M  
SO PROUD OF  
YOU. YOU'VE  
WON SUCCESS  
SO FAST IN  
RADIO

YES! I'M MAKING  
GOOD MONEY  
THANKS TO N.R.I.  
AND WE HAVE A  
BRIGHT FUTURE



**TOM SAID  
"NO"  
HE'S STILL  
WAITING  
FOR LUCK**



BILL'S A SNAKE TO WASTE  
HIS TIME STUDYING  
RADIO AT HOME



SAME OLD GRIND --  
SAME GUNNY PAY  
ENVELOPE -- I'M  
JUST WHERE I  
WAS FIVE YEARS  
AGO

GUINN I'M A  
FAILURE --  
LOOKS LIKE  
I'LL NEVER  
GET ANYWHERE

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE  
A FAILURE, TOM.  
UNLESS YOU DO SOMETHING  
ABOUT IT.  
WHYING AND WAITING  
WON'T GET YOU  
ANYWHERE



## BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN--More Now Make \$50 a Week Than Ever Before -- I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME



J. E. SMITH, President  
National Radio Institute  
Established 28 Years

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There's a big shortage of capable Radio Technicians and Operators because so many have joined the Army and Navy. While Radio pays better now than for years. With new Radio men of production, fixing and sets, radio men formerly traded in, adds greatly to the normal number of servicing jobs.

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### Training Men for Vital Radio Jobs

THIS **FREE** BOOK HAS SHOWN HUNDREDS  
HOW TO MAKE GOOD MONEY

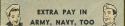
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Full size comb, brush, mirror, perfume bottle and powder jar. Given for selling only one order.



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given as explained in our BIG PRIZE SHEET

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**GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY**

**BOYS! GIRLS!** Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. All prizes shown above and many others in our BIG PRIZE SHEET are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in BIG PRIZE SHEET.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each pack contains 16 Sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail this coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Sheet—tell us what prize you want. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. S-5, Lancaster, Pa.

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Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
or R.F.D. Box \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_